

Drunk At First Sight

by PunPunMatt

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1. Chapter 1

Title: **Drunk At First Sight ******
>Rating: Teen (For now maybe?)

>Genre: Romance/General
>Pairings: Jack/Hiccup
>Warnings: BOYBOY PAIRING. If you don't like that, please simply press the back button and move on in life. **A bit of ****spoilers**** for the movie, maybe? Underage drinking. ****Possible OOCness. Timeline abuse. ****
>Summary: AUModern Setting**.**** Reincarnation****.**** Three hundred years after and Jack just wants to kiss him; Hiccup just wants his dad to understand his newfound passion. ****

****A/N:** This isn't my first fanfiction. Reviews are beyond welcome! I get more motivation to write if I know that people actually like this fic. Beware that I don't fully know Jack and Hiccup as characters. I've seen both movies and am currently watching Riders of Berk, but there's just more to them, you know? :) And I apologize for any grammar mistakes. I just wanted to get this out as soon as possible.**

****Chapter 1 ****

"_This is Berk, it snows nine months of the year and hails the other three." _

Hiccup narrowed his eyes; the single sentence was a heavy contrast to the blinding white document.

"Well this isn't going anywhere." He sighed before resting his chin on the palm of his hand, an elbow propped on his desk as he stared tiredly at the screen.

The boy huffed before running a hand through his unkempt brown locks. Giving one more look to the taunting screen of his laptop, the teen slammed it shut before whirling a 180 on his chair. Crumpling a piece of scratch paper in one hand, he tossed it towards the wastebasket, only to have it bounce back. Hiccup sighed before stealing a dreaded glance at the digital clock on his nightstand.

1:13AM

"Another productive night, eh buddy?" Hiccup said as he glanced over to the occupant in the corner.

A large black dog trotted towards him, intelligent eyes gazing hopefully at the human. Hiccup smiled grimly, pressing his face closer to the dog's face. He could have sworn there was an odd green tint to those eyes.

"Bleh!" Hiccup gasped, laughing as he attempted in vain to push the dog away. He stuck his tongue out, making a gagging face at the sticky wet feel of his skin. Torn between amusement and disgust, he shot the dog a mock glare, hoping for the animal to take a hint. The dog in return gave him an innocent look. Hiccup raised an eyebrow, shrugging before leaning back into his seat.

"Toothless!" The boy squawked, laughing softly as Toothless attacked him relentlessly. He stifled a giggle and groaned at the unpleasant feeling of the rough tongue that licked the left side of his face before pulling away.

Sprawled flat on the carpet floor with his head resting on the back of his best friend, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock IV gazed wistfully at the ceiling above him. His eyes landed towards the misshapen crumple of his blanket, the unmade bed was the only "messy" entity in his normally neat room. Not that his dad would have minded whether he was messy anyway. Having a messy room was the least of his problems when his dad was around. There was a few comic books stack haphazardly on the edge of his nightstand. A small bookshelf was situated a few feet to the right of his bed. Much to his dad's confusion there was more literature than actual comic books. It wasn't that he liked one more than the other. Hiccup loved both the drawings and vivid storytelling that comic books and literature provided him.

He wanted to be a writer.

The crisp pages and the gentlest of touches required turning the pages, careful of not bending the corners; he loved books. From J.K' Rowling's _Harry Potter_ to Dostoyevskyy's _Crime and Punishment_, Hiccup wanted to experience it all. The characters, the plot, and the words themselves that brings the story into a reality; he wanted to create something like that. He knew he had a story worth telling.

"I manage to figure out what I want to do a year ago yet I still haven't had any success in convincing dad. Go me," Hiccup muttered before stretching out his arm to grab the black dragon plush from the floor. He held it to his face, eyeing the smiling dragon critically before pressing it against his chest in an embrace. It was an old toy

that had seen better days, but he had still managed to keep it in a decent condition with the constant touchups if his bandaged hands were an indicator. He wasn't good with a needle and thread, but he was getting there.

He had gotten the plush dragon when he was ten, just five years ago. Upon receiving it, he had dubbed it Toothless since it had a gummy smile. Dragons were one of the many things he liked that his dad didn't understand. Hiccup had a whole collection of dragons that he had bought with his own money when he was old enough to work. The various reptile figures were scattered across his room. Some were placed on top of his bookcases while others on his desk, but the favorite ones were kept on his nightstand.

His gaze fell back to the lone plush wrapped protectively around his hand. Shifting into a more comfortable position, Hiccup sighed contently and glanced over to the sleeping form of the real Toothless that he was currently using as a makeshift pillow. Yanking the covers off his bed, he draped it around himself and settled back down. His thoughts drifted to the mysterious appearance of his beloved plush dragon before sleep caught up.

It was safe to say that Jack felt accomplished for once in his three hundred and something years of existence. Even when the moon had chosen him to be "gifted" with such powers and immortality wasn't up to par with this. That hadn't been an accomplishment; he was just given that position. No, for once Jack Frost managed to earn something by himself, and he never felt happier.

Initially he hadn't wanted to be a guardian, but looking at it all back, he was glad that he had made the right choice. Grinning, the spirit of winter flew through the narrow streets, letting out an explosion of snowballs from underneath with a loud whoop. He snickered as he heard a loud smack followed by a groan from below.

"And it never gets old, no matter where I'm at."

"Hiccup! Hurry it up or you're going to be late!" The loud grumble from his father signaling Hiccup's thoughts elsewhere as he hastily brushed the snow from his shoulders. He shook his head, short locks flying about as he attempted to comb the leftover snow from his hair.

"Ugh. I can sure tell today's going to be another swell day." The fifteen year old boy mumbled as he caught up to his father's side. "And why are you eager to get me to school? Normally you'd persuade me to quit school and go work with Gobber at the bakery or somethingâ€¦" He trailed off, casting the large man a suspicious look.

Hiccup lived on the island of Berk that was famous for its Viking history and scenery. Although there wasn't much about Berk saved for the landscape; they did have some awesome grassy areas, but that was all he could think up from the top of his head. It was a small island with an even smaller population count. The residents of Berk claimed to be ancestors to the very Vikings themselves that had lived on the land a couple of centuries ago. It wasn't hard to be convinced considering the size that some of the people were.

Despite their steadfast determination to stick to the old ways, hence the scarcity of technology, Berk was a hotspot for tourism. It was one of the main reasons why the place was still able to thrive despite its low productivity and education.

"I mean, not that I don't like working with Gobbler..But you know I don't want to do that for-oof!"

The loud pat on his back knocked him off balance, sending Hiccup tripping over his feet before he regained balance. The look his father gave him sent him into silence. He bit his lip and met the man's gaze. It was common knowledge that Stoick was a big man and it would have been expected if Hiccup had turned out that way, but much to his father's disappointment, that wasn't the case. While his father towered over six feet with a strong, stocky built, Hiccup was the polar opposite. He wasn't exactly the shortest boy in the class, but he was by no means the tallest. A measly 5'2 at the age of fifteen with a lanky built and stringy legs and arms that looked like they had been awkwardly attached.

He watched as the man heaved a sigh before turning to him fully and clapped his beefy hands on Hiccup's bony shoulders.

"It's alright, son. You're still young and maybe a wee bit confused, but you'll come to your senses soon. None of that wishy washy stuff with your strange obsession with your dragons and your ideas of being a painter." The man said, eyeing his son with an expression that bordered on wanting to understand the boy to not understanding at all.

"Writer, dad. I want to be a writer, not a painter. You'd know if you actually paid attention for once," Hiccup replied drily as he crossed his arms and looked to the side. He bit his lip, frustrated as he averted his glare to the black smudge on his shoes.

Stoick chuckled before shooting Hiccup a more serious look.

"Writer. Painter. Whatever. They're all these wishy washy fantasies and you need to clear your head out of them. When you're older you're going to help me with the town. As much as Berk gets with all tourism and attraction, we still don't quite make enough to meet the needs of all the people."

"But I don't want to do that." Hiccup took a step back, releasing the hold that Stoick had on him. Eyes narrowed slightly, He glared at the man before turning away. Shoulders slumping, he felt his fingers curled up against his palms. "Why can't you just understand that I don't want to be stuck here forever?" The fifteen year old mumbled before stomping off, ignoring the loud cry of "where do you think you're going?"

While Berk wasn't the most entertaining places, Jack usually finds himself there. He can't say why it's his number one location to loiter around and pass the time. Maybe it's the residents of Berk and how they remind him of the Vikings from back then. There's really not much of a difference between the people then and the people now. Despite the obvious changes of it being a bit more civilized with the advanced in technology and whatnot.

But it's only obvious to Jack on why he's always there. It doesn't

matter how many years have passed; he doesn't let his hope die.

The fiasco with Pitch and the whole recruitment thing with the other guardians that occurred a few months ago and the increase in temperature, it was once more time to stay in Berk for a little while.

He groaned for the umpteenth time of that day, dropping his lunch tray down before his head met the table.

"What's eating you up?"

The sound of another tray on the table forced him to lift his head up, seeing the slow smile that formed on his friend's face.

"Hey Astrid...It's nothing really." Hiccup replied, stifling a yawn. He stretched his arms; accidentally knocking his small carton of milk in the process, wincing at the glare the lunch lady shot from behind the counters.

"That bad, huh? Is it your dad again?" She asked, her expression nonchalant while her tone was laced with a hint of concern.

He smiled at her and shrugged before swooping up the leftovers of his fallen milk, making a face at the rancid smell that infiltrated his nostrils. "On second thought, this goes great with the floor." He dropped it back down when the lunch ladies weren't looking, turning his attentions onto the blond sitting across from him. "Yeah, same old problems. You know him." He waved his hand in dismissal; a dejected look crossed his features.

"Well, he's going to have to understand eventually. It's not like you want to stay here forever. Heck, even I don't want to." The blond shot Hiccup a look before spearing a piece of meat with her fork.

"No, no I don't. I don't want to stay here. I mean, don't get me wrongâ€¦Berk is a nice place..but.." Hiccup trailed off, scrunching his face up in concentration as he racked his brain for something that was remotely pleasing about Berk besides the scenery.

"But there are just way nicer places out there. I get where you're coming from." Astrid replied, throwing Hiccup a knowing look, the smallest of smiles on her lips as she looked at him fondly. She shrugged and took another bite of her mystery meat before pushing the tray away from her.

He flushed and looked away, rubbing his arm nervously.

"Y-Yeah."

It still amazed Hiccup sometimes, how he was able to be friends with Astrid of all people. The whole thing started off with a huge crush because honestly what kind of a guy didn't crush on Astrid? It was near impossible. Unless you swung the other way, but the idea was practically unheard of in Berk.

She was clearly the prettiest girl in his year with her golden blond hair and stunning blue eyes. In Hiccup's eyes, not only was she gorgeous, but she had a personality as well. Astrid was clever, if it

weren't for him, she would have been first place in their year, not that there was much competition to begin with though. The blond was also tough and determined or feisty as sometimes Hiccup would like to say, but never to her face unless he wanted his own in pain.

"Your dad loves you, Hiccup. He just has a hard time showing it. I'm sure he'll come around. He has to after all." She said, breaking Hiccup out of his thoughts with a smile and a playful punch to the arm.

"Ow. Yeah, I guess. Well if he won't see then I'll have to make him see. Anyways, how are things for you? Got any practice done with the set you just bought?" He asked curiously, rubbing the spot where Astrid had punched him as he looked at her.

"Oh, you know. Same old same old." The blond smirked before flipping her braid back.

He rolled his eyes in amusement.

While Hiccup had his goals of pursuing a writing career, Astrid had archery. There wasn't any target that she couldn't hit without it being perfect. She was clearly skilled in it and had hopes of competing in the professionals one day.

"I know, I know. I bring the food for Friday night's gathering."

"And the twins are bringing the alcohol, so that's settled."

Friday couldn't come any faster for Hiccup so when the day finally rolled in; the fifteen year old was out of the door when the final bell rang. Jumping off the steps, he waved goodbye to his classmates before heading towards the direction of the local grocery store.

Grabbing a basket by the entrance, he headed for the snack aisle and loaded his basket with chips and sodas. Hiccup paused, dropping his arm back to his side as he heard a loud crash that was followed by a loud groan. Walking towards the sound, Hiccup stopped and stared in disbelief at the sight before him.

There was a man lying on the ground, numerous ketchup bottles scattered around him. Next to the man was a makeshift wet floor sign. Taking a moment to scan the environment, Hiccup walked over. The man moaned and slowly sat up, rubbing his back as he slowly stood up with the help of Hiccup.

"Uh..Hey, are you..alright?" Hiccup asked as he looked at the man, searching for any signs of injury but finding none. He brought his gaze away, hearing a small faint snicker. Turning his head left and right, he frowned as he found none. "Hey, did you hear that?"

"Had better days. Saw the wet floor sign, but the place looks dry." The man grumbled as he walked away.

Muting out the man's 'thank you', he crouched down and touched the floor. Hiccup blinked as he brought his fingers to his face, eyes narrowed as he surveyed the small chunks of ice particles.

"What the?" He pulled his hand away and looked to the rest of the tiled floor in surprise. From this angle, it was possible to see that the floor was covered in a thin layer of ice.

Remembering that he had things to pay for, Hiccup crushed the suspicious thought from his mind and walked away.

It wasn't until around eight did Hiccup find himself at Astrid's front porch. While Berk was a small place and the adults were normally lenient if not a little crazy at times, they always held up the pastime of eating together as a family.

"Oof. Ate too much there." The boy whispered to himself, patting his bloated stomach before the door swung open, revealing the identical grinning faces of the twins. He was then ushered to the living room where the rest of his friends had gathered.

Even though he was the guardian of fun and amusement, there were times that Jack was bored. The teenager snorted at the thought, making loops in the air before taking a quick dive, only to come floating back up.

"318 years of the same thing and I'm bound to have my moments of boredom." The troublemaker muttered to himself as he floated on his back, arms crossed behind his head. Pressing his lips gently before parting them open, he released a wisp of ice particles. He brought a finger up, twirling the strands of thin ice before flicking it into the sky, a tiny explosion of ice raining from above.

Jack stood up and pursed his pale lips as he surveyed the houses from underneath him. He flew lower, noting that while it was a Friday night, nothing much was going on. There was a drunken woman meandering back to her doorsteps and he was able to make out a fight that was occurring from a block away. He laughed, grinning as the man yelled in the woman's face before the woman rebuttal with a quick smack to his face.

He winced. "Ow. That's gotta hurt." Jack whispered to himself as his attention strayed elsewhere. Not much was going on and the quiet night was making the boy rather lonely. He hated the feeling of loneliness and while he had friends to call his own now, it still wasn't the same.

Vision dark as he closed his eyes, he allowed himself a small smile before spiraling down, his mind filled with thoughts of a boy from a few centuries back.

Hiccup giggled as he staggered in a drunken haze. Bringing his bleary gaze to the left, he smiled crookedly, snorting at the sight of Snotlout passed out flat on his back with crude doodles drawn on his face. Shaking his head in amusement, the teenager headed towards the balcony. He slid the glass door shut, leaving a small gap just in case he lost more of his motor skills and brain cells. Hiccup didn't want to be stuck outside in the freezing cold after all.

Holding the red plastic cup in one hand, he plopped down on the wooden chair, lifting his head up a little to scan the streets for any people. The island was a small one that lived by its own rules. While alcohol was heavily used in celebration, it was not often that underage kids could procure alcohol. Hiccup didn't know where the

alcohol had came from, but he had a good guess that the twins had smuggled some from Gobber when the man was asleep. After all, the man was forgetful when it came to locking doors.

He was contently sipping his drink. A simple cup of apple cider because he didn't remember how much he had drunk and it was best to switch to something with no alcohol in it. Hiccup licked his lips and was in the action of downing the rest of it before he heard a loud crash.

"Whoo!"

Hiccup blinked and rubbed his bleary eyes. Leaving his cup on the floor, he stood up and walked over to the edge of the balcony. Fingers grasped the railing as he search for the source of the noise. He blinked again and frowned at the sight of an arm sticking out from a huge pile of snow. The pile of snow wriggled viciously before another arm shot out; the person was clutching a long wooden staff.

Not making out much with his bleary vision, Hiccup sighed in frustration.

"Hey! Are you alright there?" The teen yelled, ignoring the protest sloshing from within his stomach. He ignored it and continued to stare at the pile. Eyes widened as a head stuck out and the person shot out of it. "What the..?" Hiccup murmured as he rubbed his eyes furiously. "That's not possible!"

"Oh believe it is, drunk boy."

Hiccup frowned at the nickname, bringing his hands away from his eyes to get a better look at the person.

He looked about seventeen maybe eighteen, Hiccup wasn't so sure. The boy had short, unusual silver hair that stuck out a little from a top. His short bangs were swept to the side slightly, revealing dark eyebrows with the left eyebrow arched in amusement. The skin was a white pale, not a sickly white as if the boy hadn't stepped outside, but pure white as if the boy was made from snow himself. Stunning vivid blue eyes met his own pools of green, trapping Hiccup in the mesmerizing stare. The boy's lips moved.

"Hiccup?"

**Continue? **

2. Chapter 2

Title: **Drunk At First Sight **

>Rating: Teen (For now maybe?)

>Genre: Romance/General

>Pairings: Jack/Hiccup

>Warnings: BOYBOY PAIRING.** If you don't like that, please simply press the back button and move on in life.A bit of spoilers for the movie, maybe? Underage drinking. Possible OOCness. Timeline abuse.

>Summary: **AU/Modern Setting. Reincarnation. **Three

hundred years after and Jack just wants to kiss him; Hiccup just wants his dad to understand his newfound passion.

****A/N: ****Wow! I am internally grateful for all the responses I got! Thank you so much! You don't know how happy I am to hear that readers are actually interested in this! Now, I'm just a tad nervous about this chapter. As you can tell, it took me awhile to write this and I had to read it over and over to make sure that I would be satisfied with the outcome. And I think I am. :) So I apologize for taking so long in updating, but I hope the wait is well worth it. Once more, thank you all for the reviews!

****Chapter 2 ****

"Hiccup?"

He blinked in response, tilting his head to the side as he narrowed his eyes slightly. Scrunching up his eyebrows in feigned concentration, Hiccup shot the boy a puzzled look, and leaned forward.

"How-How'd you know my name?" He blurted out, scrunching his face in confusion as he eyed the boy in drunken awareness. Shrugging to himself, he walked over to the boy, lazily lifting a finger as he jabbed the boy on the chest with a giggle.

"Ha! Hey! You're real! You're real! And I thought I was hallucinating or something!" Hiccup slurred before breaking out into a grin. He stopped and peered at the boy, curious eyes swept over the boy's appearance. Much to Hiccup's dislike, the boy was taller than him, and he had this albino vampire look going on for him with the white locks and pale skin. He clapped his hands over his mouth, letting out a snort before he broke out into a fits of giggles.

He stumbled backwards before staggering forward to Jack. Planting both hands on the railings, Hiccup brought his gaze once more to Jack. He stared at the older teen, tapping his chin thoughtfully as his eyes flitted over Jack's features before landing on the boy's shoeless feet; pale shoeless feet that were hovering over thin air.

Staring for what seemed like a whole three minutes, he shifted his gaze to the boy's face. Hiccup blinked and rubbed his eyes before snapping them back open. He gaped at the boy's bare feet. They weren't on the ground. He blinked again, this time tilting his head to the side as he took another minute to stare at said feet before slowly averting his sight back to the boy's hopeful expression. He took his time to study the boy, a sense of interest bursting through him before the tension within his stomach forced him to reach over the rail. Hiccup ducked his face down, hurling out the contents in his stomach before passing out.

* * *

><p>A soft groan erupted from his lips as Hiccup clutched his head in pain. His head was spinning; it felt like his brain was slamming itself against the inner walls of his skull. It didn't help that his body was aching in strange places and that he felt a strange cold sensation within his stomach while the rest of his body was pleasantly warm. He stuck his tongue out before retreating it back

into his mouth, smacking his lips once or twice before gagging at the sour, rancid taste in his mouth.<p>

It took him awhile to open his eyes, his eyelids were noticeably heavy from the sleep and his gaze was disproportionately blurry. Hiccup frowned, wrinkling his nose as he rubbed his eyes, letting out another wretched groan.

"Hey! You're awake!" The voice jolted him out of the last residues of his sleep, enticing Hiccup to turn his face in the direction of where it had came from.

"Wha?" The brunette mumbled under his breath as he shook the sleep from his body by shifting a bit. This time as he forced his eyes opened, Hiccup found another pair of eyes peering at him with interest.

"I'm so glad you're awake."

The words were brief and Hiccup would have noted the warmth in those words if he had paid any attention. Instead he froze as the other boy leaned closer, drawing his face closer to Hiccup's as if he was aiming for a kiss.

"So glad I found you." The boy murmured under his breath as he took Hiccup's stunned silence as an invitation to pull their faces closer, breaths mingling.

He felt the cold breath gliding over his face as he laid their in shock. His shoulders stiffened as his gaze zeroed onto the lips that were dangerously close to his face. Shutting his eyes close, Hiccup forced his body upwards, screaming obscenities in his mind as his head collided with the other boy's in a clumsy head butt.

"What!? Just what were you going to do!? Hiccup screeched, slightly disappointed that his outburst came out like a squawk than a manly yell. He aimed a finger at the boy, barely poking his eyes out as he stared at him in shock and horror. His eyes fell to the bed, noting that the source of his cold stomach was currently underneath the boy's hovering body. Letting out another indignant squeak, he scrambled to his feet, pushing himself against the wall as he steadied his erratic breathing.

"I'll give you a minute to explain yourself before I sick Toothless on you. And for the record, he has some very sharp teeth despite his name." He threatened, watching the boy pick himself up and tuck his legs underneath another as he got into a relaxed sitting position. "Starting with your name." Hiccup added, eyes narrowed as he shot a finger at the boy before putting it back down.

"Woah. I got this. Don't worry, you can trust me." The boy assured before jumping off. Landing on his feet, he twirled the wooden staff in one hand as he made a show of spinning around before facing Hiccup again. He stopped and placed a hand on his chest, bowing.

"Jack Frost. At your service."

Hiccup watched Jack stood up, straightening his posture before once more stepping closer to the bed. He kept his gaze open as Jack clapped his hands together and blew into them.

The older boy smirked softly as he pushed a single stemmed rose towards Hiccup's face.

"And you're name's Hiccup." He finished at last, placing the small rose made out of ice in the younger boy's hands before taking a step back.

He clutched the rose in his hand, poking at it gently before placing it down on his lap. Lifting his face up, he met Jack's gaze. Hiccup eyed him suspiciously, pursing his lips together in concentration before shaking his head gently. He sighed in defeat and hooked his legs over the edge of the bed. Gingerly allowing his feet onto the ground, he stood up, and hesitantly took a step closer to Jack.

"So thenâ€¦What are you? Andâ€¦How do you know my name? And did you try to kiss me!?"

Hiccup sputtered at the last part, throwing his hands in the air as he stood rigid, eyes narrowed as he stared at Jack in horror and wonder. His cheeks were flushed, embarrassed from the thought of nearly having his first kiss stolen by a boy. He then paled considerably at the mere thought of that.

"I was getting there. You're awfully impatient, did you know that? But it's rather endearing." Jack replied, smirking softly as Hiccup sputtered even more, growing redder by the second. He snickered softly and turned his back towards him. Clutching his staff tightly, he leaned against it as he gazed at the picture frames sitting on the shelf.

He stared at Jack's retreating back and shook his head. Shoulders slumping, he sighed softly in defeat.

"Fine then. I'll start slow. How'd you know where I live?"

"I didn't. Berk's a small place. I just went to all the houses and guessed which room belonged to you. The dragons gave it away mostly." The older teen replied nonchalantly before shrugging.

He ignored the part about the dragons, figuring that the common Berk resident wouldn't own a ridiculous amount of dragon figurines. Pushing that thought aside, he nodded.

"Okayâ€¦Then how did you get through all of Berk?"

Berk wasn't as big as most areas, but it was still a town, and would have taken at least a couple of hours.

He watched Jack shrugged his shoulders again, not missing a beat as he replied.

"I flew."

Hiccup snorted and rolled his eyes before tapping his head gently.

"Oh yes, how stupid of me to forget. Did you sprinkle some of your fairy magic onto me so I could fly too?"

"Oh no. I carried you. You were so cute and vulnerable when you snuggled up against my chest." Jack replied as he turned to face Hiccup. He smiled, mischievous eyes glued onto the boy's red face. "You were moaning in your sleep, 'Oh protect me Jack! I'm so scared of heights!'"

"I did not!" Hiccup flushed and glared at the laughing teen. "And it wasn't that funny." He huffed and crossed his arms, eyeing Jack skeptically before uncrossing his arms. "So that brings me to my next question. What are you and how do you know my name?"

He was perhaps expecting the boy to break out into smile and goad him into believing something false again. Hiccup hadn't expected Jack to turn stiff and silent. He appeared solemn and a little wary, his eyes gazing at Hiccup wistfully.

"I guess it's expected that you don't remember me." Jack muttered softly and paused. He stared straight at Hiccup, pale lips pursed together in a small frown before breaking out into a thin, small smile. "Would you believe me if I told you? You seem pretty skeptical of everything else I said."

"Only because it sounds crazy and strange, but I supposed stranger things have happened on Berk." He paused and lowered his gaze to the ground before meeting Jack's gaze with newfound determination. "I won't say that I'm going to believe you right away or ever, but I'm willing to give this a chance. I'll listen if you want me to."

Jack smiled, gazing at the boy tenderly until Hiccup darted his eyes to the side out of embarrassment.

"I'd like that actually."

He clapped his hands together and paced back and forth. Jack sighed, scratching his head slightly as he glanced up at the ceiling before averting his gaze back to Hiccup. "Let's see. Where to begin?" Seemingly made up his mind, he took a step forward to Hiccup. Once the shorter teen was against the wall, Jack smiled and clapped a hand over Hiccup's mouth. The boy protested and attempted to push him off in vain.

"Sorry. Can't have you squealing like a girl and making a commotion, but trust me on this one." Jack whispered, watching Hiccup intently as the boy stopped his struggling. He narrowed his eyes before nodding at Jack to continue.

He studied him quietly before taking a deep breath.

"Like I said, I'm Jack Frost. The embodiment of Winter and the newly appointed guardian of fun and amusement. My full name is Jack Overland Frost. And you, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock isâ€¦" He trailed off, nodding his head left and right as he thought about his next choice of words. "Well, I don't know how to put this any other wayâ€¦But your past self wasâ€¦uh...enamored with me? I mean, not that I wasn't with you, but wellâ€¦you know."

He shoved him off and took the time to wipe his mouth with his sleeve. Hiccup believed in many things and sometimes got laughed at for them. It didn't matter if they were silly, wrong, or simply untrue. He shook his head and looked to Jack in disbelief.

"I don't believe it. Are you trying to tell me that my past self wasâ€|was with you? Like that? He was gay!?" Hiccup stuttered out as he clutched his head. "I can't believe it. I don't believe it." The teen groaned, smacking his head against the wall a few good times before slumping down to the ground. "This is a trick and you're just my imagination gone haywire. Ha. That's right. You're finally losing it, Hiccup. Your dad was right for a change."

"Too bad for you, I'm not. Look, you don't have to believe me and I'm not trying to force you tooâ€|But I believe eventually you'll come to understand." Jack said simply, ignoring the reminder that he was not eighteen anymore despite the way he usually acted.

Hiccup shot up and glared at Jack. He took a few steps away from him before shaking his head once more. While he thought it plausible that Jack had supernatural powers and probably could fly, he couldn't come to terms with the fact that there was something going on between them a few centuries back.

"Whether my past self was gay or not, in loved with your or not, like _that _or notâ€|It doesn't have to do anything with me; Hiccup of the present. So while I appreciate you for helping me out, but you've got the wrong person." He walked over to where the window was at and made a gesture towards it. "So thank you for helping me in my drunken stupidity, but you can go be on your merry way."

While Hiccup wanted his father to acknowledge him, he couldn't afford another hindrance. He wasn't strong and brawny, but instead thin and weedy. Yet he made that up for having real brains and being on top of his school. While he sometimes got in the way, Hiccup knew he helped his father a great number of times with the town as well. As long as he was able to do a certain number of things with success, it didn't matter if he wasn't exactly what his father wanted. Because eventually Hiccup knew he could win his father over and get him to accept and see.

"No."

The simple response tore Hiccup from his thoughts and he stared at Jack in confusion. "No? What do you mean no? It's easy. Just get out of my room and fly or somethingâ€|"

Tightening his grip around the staff, he slammed it against the floor. Tiny specks of frost covered the carpet floor in a haphazard circle. "No. I'm not leaving and you can't make me." Jack said, an edge of finality to his tone as he narrowed his eyes at Hiccup. He didn't like being brushed aside. He had three hundred years enough of that.

Blinking, Hiccup shook his head and looked away. Curling his hands into fists, he stood rigid on the spot as he averted his eyes on Jack. "You're unbelievable. You don't expect me to believe in your crap, do you? You can't stay here. I'm not...I'm notâ€|like that, okay? Maybe _your_ Hiccup was like that, but I'm not. You can't just force me to-"

"I'm not forcing you to believe in anything! And I'm especially not forcing you to even like me, so you can forget about it!" Jack waved his hand around, ignoring the burst of ice he had sent to the

wall.

Hiccup could feel his heart beat from underneath his chest. He never felt so angry and irritated in his life and he barely knew the guy. Heaving a sigh, he allowed his shoulders to relax. "There's this girl I kind of like" He began before pausing to sit down on the edge of the bed.

"Let me guess. Her name's Astrid? And don't ask, I just know. You know, the whole reincarnated thing?" He rolled his eyes and surveyed Hiccup. "So" What are you trying to say exactly?"

"That I'm not" That." He paused and ran a hand through his hair in frustration.

Jack rolled his eyes in frustration and leaned against the wall.

"You haven't-

"Exactly! I don't know! She's female! She has regions I've-I've never explored! I haven't even gotten my first kiss yet and I was just this close to getting kissed by a guy!" Hiccup made a gesture with his hand, shaking his arms frantically as he gaped at Jack. Anger aside, he just wanted Jack to understand. "You know for the last time, I don't like you like that. I don't even know you. We just met and while I think we could be friends, I'm not even sure if I can lo-

"I'm just happy I found you."

It had been too quick for Hiccup to process. He felt two hands on his shoulders before he was pulled into a tight hug. The shorter teen ignored the flush on his cheeks as he took note of Jack's wiry, but strong arms around his body. Gasping softly at the contact, Hiccup lowered his gaze to the ground in embarrassment. Despite the protest going on in his mind, he allowed his body to relax, taking in the scent of cool peppermint and cinnamon. Just before he made up his mind to return the awkward hug, he was released.

"Sorry, if I hugged you any longer, you'd start to feel the cold. And you know, for someone who complains how much your dad doesn't listen to you, you're not so good on the listening and understanding part yourself too." Jack threw him a look, a small smirk gracing his pale lips as he held his staff, resting his temple against it.

Hiccup stared, surprised at having those words thrown at him. A sudden wave of guilt washed over him, churning his stomach until he felt a little nauseated. He bit his lip and avoided Jack's gaze. Those words hit too close to home and Hiccup admitted that it was probably true. He lifted his head and looked at Jack, opening his mouth to speak.

Jack watched Hiccup as the boy met his gaze and opened his mouth to speak, gaping like a fish. Feeling slightly panicky at upsetting the younger boy, he waved his hands in dismissal. "Look, it's okay. Just forget what I said-

"No. You're right." He released a puff of air, green eyes peering at Jack in acknowledgement now. "You're" absolutely right. I've been

unfair and I'm sorry. This isn't exactly easy on meâ€¦And it's probably not easy on you too!" He put both of his hands in front of him before dropping them to the side. "I'm sorry."

"Hey, look it's fine. Everyone has their moments and I've been around the block a few times, so I've had a lot. I get it. You don't have to apologize Hiccup." Jack joked, ruffling Hiccup's hair with a grin before pulling away with a soft laugh. Loud thumping noises echoed through the hall, followed by an equally loud bark that pulled Jack's attentions towards the closed door. "You have company?" He asked, raising an eyebrow as he shifted in his spot, holding his staff tightly as he eyed the closed door in distrust.

"Oh yeah. That's probably just Toothless. He's harmless though." Hiccup shrugged before walking towards the door.

"Toothless?" He repeated underneath his breath, deep in thought until the door swung open.

The large black dog came bounding in, paying no attention to Hiccup as it barked at Jack. He groaned and backed away, remembering that it was the same dog that had gotten covered by his snow as a joke.

"Hey! Down boy! Toothless! Stop that. He's not an enemy, he's my friend. Toothless!"

Toothless growled, angry eyes locking onto Jack's as the boy took a step away. He waved his staff in front of the dog in an attempt to ward it off. "Back away! Away! You dog dragon hybrid demon thing!" He made a shooing motion before looking over to Hiccup for help.

"Toothless! Down!" Hiccup called in exasperation before tugging the dog away from Jack. "I don't know what's wrong with him. He's normally not like this." He frowned, looking to the teen before turning to shoot Toothless a glare. "Bad dog. No tuna for you tonight!"

The dog gave one more bark before sitting himself down on the ground, whimpering softly under Hiccup's glare. It shot a baleful look at Jack before trotting out of the room.

Jack watched the dog go before turning to Hiccup, shooting him a smirk.

"So your dog eats tuna?"

"He's a special dog." The teen defended as he shot Jack a look before rolling his eyes. "Whatever, nevermind. Sorry about. Toothless isn't usually like this. I don't know what's wrong with him." He heaved a sigh and shrugged his shoulders.

"I think I liked him better as a dragon. Less barkingâ€¦and more slimy licks." Jack jumped off the bed, staff in hand as grabbed Hiccup's hand and pulled him over to the opened window. "But forget about that." The teen said as he planted one foot on the window sill. Grinning at the boy's confused look, Jack wrapped an arm around the distracted teen, and pulled him close. "Let's go for a ride." He whispered softly into Hiccup's ear before taking off without

warning.

* * *

><p>Hiccup knew he was practically screaming in Jack's ear, but the thought was pushed out the window. Clinging onto Jack's body for support, Hiccup closed his eyes shut; he didn't dare to look around. He wasn't so overly fond of heights.<p>

He bit his lips as he squashed his face against Jack's chest, ignoring the close proximity that they were currently sharing. It was quiet at first, saved for the occasional gust of wind that flew by. Berk was a relatively quiet place except when they had their yearly festivities, but overall it was generally quiet. A soft chuckle was heard coming from Jack, forcing Hiccup to pull himself out of his distracting thoughts.

"Open your eyes. Trust me, it's not so bad." Jack murmured next to Hiccup's ear as he watched the boy in amusement and endearment. He hadn't remembered Hiccup being so scared of flying, but then again his former self had rode dragons for fun.

"No way in hell am I opening my eyes!" Hiccup screeched, eyes still closed shut as he clawed Jack's back. "You're crazy!"

Jack wasn't complaining about the position that he was in. He smirked and peered down at the sight of Hiccup clinging against his form for dear life. "Well, if you insistâ€|"

The brown haired teen yelped as his body jolted and felt it turn upside in one quick somersault. "Stop! Stop! Stop! Whatever it is that you're doing! Stop! I give! I giveâ€|I'll open my eyesâ€|" Hiccup yelled before lowering his voice. "And it's not funny!" He frowned indignantly, slowly peeling his eyes open. He blinked and adjusted his gaze, darting his attention to the side before back to Jack. "Are we really flying?" He whispered hesitantly, his tone breathy and shy at the idea. While he had always wanted to fly on an airplane, he had never expected to fly like this.

"Well, we're more like hovering in thin air right now."

* * *

><p>There wasn't much to say about the night. Jack loved the open air, the burst of wind that would blow in his occasionally, ranging from tiny flutters to large gusts of air. Day or night, he loved flying. Everything was about movement when it came to flying. It was like a dance with the wind and it was the one guiding you towards your destination. Flying was all about freedom. He felt most free when he was flying. Jack didn't feel any restraints, no pressure, no responsibilities, and he forgot too. It was like while he was flying, his mind was on hold.<p>

He looked down at Hiccup and offered him a reassuring smile. "I want to show you something. Just hold on tight and trust me. Is that okay?"

Hiccup glanced up and nodded slowly. He didn't trust himself to speak, afraid that if he opened his mouth, he would panic and say something stupid or scream.

Berk was breathtaking at night. The small village sometimes made Hiccup almost proud that he was a resident. The grassy hills that he had occasionally taken a nap on, the endless forest that he would wander into when he just wanted to be alone; Berk provided a sense of privacy and serenity that he was sure nowhere else had. And sometimes when he just wanted to get away from it all and not think, he would go to his secret spot. Although he wasn't sure if it was really a secret, the place still provided him what he needed.

While Berk was beautiful during the day, Hiccup preferred the night. He felt that he had the best ideas in the night during one of his many walks. It was always quiet at night and the streets were empty. During the walks, he would take his time to admire the oil lamps that sat on the front porch on all the houses. The houses themselves were old and rustic. They weren't the most beautiful and complex, but they were carefully crafted nonetheless.

"I sometimes forget how Berk can be such a sight."

The soft tone prodded Hiccup to open his eyes, his body relaxing slightly. Twenty minutes in and he was slowly getting use to the idea of flying. It was still scaring him and he could feel his body stiffen whenever Jack moved the slightest, but it wasn't so bad when it wasn't so fast.

"How long ago was your last visit?"

Hiccup licked his lips. He kept his sight on the rooftops, counting how many chimneys that were currently being used.

"Around two hundred years. Give or take."

He said nothing as Jack met his gaze, the other boy smiled softly at him before speeding up.

Gasping, Hiccup shut his eyes closed.

He couldn't help but think that the smile had meant to be a sad one.

* * *

><p>He stumbled over to his bed and plopped down, panting softly.<p>

"Yeahâ€|That was fun, butâ€|let's not do that again any time soon." Hiccup groaned, placing a hand on his chest in an attempt to calm his heart.

"Ha. It wasn't so bad. C'mon, you loved it. The wind in your hair, the beautiful sight of Berk that you can only get by being in the skies, my arms wrapped protectively around youâ€|" Jack grinned, leering at Hiccup before breaking out into a snicker at the boy's red face. "Okay, okayâ€|Maybe not, _that_."

"Definitely not that." He huffed, flipping himself onto his sides. "But it was funâ€|Flying that is. Extremely scary and nerve wracking, but nonetheless it was fun." His tone was much soft than before as he muffled a yawn. Hiccup closed his eyes, smacking his lips gently he

laid on his back again.

"Well, you know..For all my trouble in taking you out and you were pretty heavy despite looking like a stick, do I at least get a kiss?" Jack walked closer, looming over Hiccup. "Hiccup?"

Hearing no response, he leaned forward and peeked down at the sleeping face. He drew his face closer to Hiccup's, smiling sadly as Hiccup shifted to his side.

"Even in your sleep."

* * *

><p>Comments?<p>

Tell me what you think!

3. Chapter 3

Title: **Drunk At First Sight****
>Rating: Teen (For now maybe?)

>Genre: Romance/General
>Pairings: Jack/Hiccup
>Warnings: BOYBOY PAIRING**. If you don't like that, please simply press the back button and move on in life. A bit of spoilers for the movie, maybe? Underage OOCness. Timeline abuse.
>Summary: AUModern Setting. Reincarnation. Three hundred years after and Jack just wants to kiss him; Hiccup just wants his dad to understand his newfound passion.

A/N:** I owe you guys a huge apology and I am really sorry! My laptop needed fixing and amongst other things...I was pretty busy and distracted. Okay, really distracted. My birthday was a few days ago! Well, I hope you all are still reading this! And if I'm slow on the update for future chapters, you can always ask me about it! Provided that you'll be polite of course. Haha. So please enjoy and don't forget to review! It's rather sad to see that someone _favorite_, _alert_, and _follow_ my story yet _don't_ **review****! So hey, please drop me a few sentences and tell me why you like it and such!
Thanks.** :)

Chapter Three **

"Merci kiddo!"

He grinned as he pocketed the small Eiffel Tower and ruffled the kid's blond hair in affection. The boy blushed and gave Jack a toothy grin, planting a shy kiss on his cheek before running off into the opposite direction. Stunned, the teenager watched the boy go before breaking out into a small smile. Shrugging his shoulders, Jack stood up and glanced at the small trinket encased in snow.

The street was covered in a thick layer of snow that reminded Jack of frosting on cake he had once saw in one of his previous visits to the city. Despite his many visits to Paris in the winter, he never grew tired of the winter landscape. The skies were a beautiful pale gray, complimenting the pure white of the snow that had fallen on the

ground. Shops were closed, only a few dared to open. Not many people were on the streets to begin with. It had snowed last night, but only because of his arrival. He needed a little snow, but he hadn't made it too hard on the French.

He sat down on the bench nearest to him, enjoying the cold yet comforting feel he got from the snow. A sigh escaped his lips as he shifted his position and laid down on the bench. One knee propped up while his arm rested against his forehead. Since not many were out, Jack didn't have to worry about getting sit on. Three hundred odd years of being who he was and it was never pleasant for a butt to go through his face.

Jack closed his eyes, calling up the imagery of the scenery around him. Snow covered streets, gray endless skies, and no one in sight. It was a moment of solitude that had been three hundred years too long, but he had grown accustomed to it. The flickering lamppost forced his eyes open as a single snowflake fell on the bridge of his nose.

* * *

><p>"Hey. Are you sure I can take this? It seems awfully new...Not to mention rather expensive." He frowned, tilting his head to the side as he eyed the school uniform the little girl was holding. She shook her head for the third time; an exasperated look crossed her youthful features before she pushed the outfit to him.<p>

"Sister no need." She replied, stumbling over her words as she pointed to the outfit and then to Jack again. "Not small anymore." She nodded, her black pigtails bobbing up and down.

Jack tapped his chin thoughtfully. He wasn't sure if the gift was acceptable considering it had been someone else's and not to mention that it was of the wrong gender. He studied the uniform closely. The top was styled in a sailor-esque kind of top. It was a white blouse with a blue collar, a thin strip of white running from each collar, and a red ribbon on the center of the top to finish the look. The bottom half of the outfit was a simple blue pleated skirt. It was tad too long for his opinion and he would have to think about fixing it later.

"Are you sure?" He asked firmly, crouching down to the eight year old girl's level as he eyed her seriously. "I don't want your sister to get mad if she finds out her old uniform is missing."

"Hai!" The girl replied persistently, breaking into her native language as she gently pushed the outfit to him.

He chuckled and patted her head.

"Thanks kid."

The girl broke out into a large smile and hugged Jack tightly before breaking free. She lifted her finger up and ran out of the room, only to come back with a handful of candy. He stayed silent as he watched the girl put candy in his sweater's pouch. Once done, she stepped back and bowed. Jack returned the bow before pulling her into a hug.

"Thanks again, okay?" He murmured, feeling his eyes soften at the sight of the girl's innocent expression. He smiled down at her, noting that her brown eyes were focused on him. "Now be good!"

He laughed as he jumped out the window and felt the air carry him to his next destination. It tickled his eyes and ruffled his hair, the wind whipping at an almost violent nature as it took him forward. Jack closed his eyes; bubbles of laughter escaped his lips as he spread his arms and legs out. The feel of cool air rushing against his skin sent chills of excitement through his body. He whistled, ears drowning out from the sound of moving snow.

"Take me to Jamie!"

* * *

><p>He stood on the outside, shoulders hunched as he leaned forward to press his nose against the glass. The window was tinted and somewhat dirty, a layer of dust and dirt that needed to be swept away. Jack scrunched his face in mild annoyance. He didn't know what was taking so long. Jamie had told him to meet in front of the old bookstore and the kid wasn't anywhere in sight. It had taken Jack awhile to find which old bookstore Jamie was talking about considering he hadn't specified. The teen frowned and looked to the shop's sign for the fifth time. Mile's Used Books.

It was a loud yet distant sound that had pulled Jack's gaze away. He heard it again, moving his gaze to the left before whipping his whole body back to the right. He stood there, confused as he saw a blur running towards him. Tilting his head, he narrowed his eyes in concentration as he watched the blur come closer.

"Hey!"

The blur shouted before appearing before him in ten minutes. Jamie Bennett huffed, panting softly in an attempt to catch his breath. "S-Sorry I'm late. Forgot a book or two so I had to...get them back...And now I'm here. Did you wait long?" The boy lifted his head up, wide brown eyes meeting Jack's startled blue ones. "I'm sorry it took so long."

"Nononono. It's fine! Really! Hey, I didn't wait that long. And I can entertain myself thank you very much." Jack grinned before ruffling the boy's hair. "Jeez, were you trying out for the track team or something?" He chuckled softly at the boy's sheepish expression. "Just teasing you know."

"I-I know that!" Jamie retorted, flushing deeper under Jack's smirk. "Just didn't want you to wait that long that's all. And besides, I brought these for you! Just like you ask." He grinned and dropped his backpack down on the ground.

"A whole bag? I don't think I can carry all of that. I'm limited on how much I can actually take." Jack murmured as he crouched next to Jamie and watched the boy take out a pile of books out.

"You have to take these though! I'm sure your friend would like it a lot. I got comic books, novels, and some boring textbook." Jamie scrunched his face up in disgust before breaking out into a smile. "What do you think? You have to take them!"

"Well, let's see..." He picked up a random book, raising an eyebrow at the cover. It was a picture of a pair of pale hands holding what appeared to be a bright red apple. "Twilight?" Jack read in disbelief. "What are you doing with this kind of book? Don't tell me you're a fan." He smirked, watching Jamie's face go bright red again.

"I'm not! I don't know. Cupcake and the girls told me to take it to you and they wouldn't take no for an answer. I don't know what it's about but I see it everywhere."

"Ah well, I'll do the good deed of taking it from your hands then. It's better if you do something else, forget about the book." Jack said as he threw the boy a teasing smile before picking up another book. It was a nice variety of different books that he was sure that Hiccup would like. A few comic books, some heroes he had recognized like Batman and that Tin suit guy, and there was some he didn't know.

Moving the books into one neat stack, he stood up and placed his hand on Jamie's head. It was a habit of sorts that he had developed when kids had started believing in him. So far he only had a small amount that was spread across the world, but Jack wasn't picky. He was exhilarated with the idea of having just one kid seeing him. A few hundred was a small number compared to the amount that the other guardians got, but he knew that in due time he would receive just as much.

"I don't know how to repay you, Jamie. So how does a snow day sound to you? Say Wednesday of next week?" He watched the kid, his fingers messing up Jamie's hair even more. From where he was standing, Jamie was still small, but Jack knew he would one day be surpassed. He had come to terms with never changing and simply watching the people around him change. It didn't hurt as much as before considering now he was able to be at least be a part of someone's life.

"Wednesday...? But that's my math-You're the best!"

He watched the expression of shock morph into one of joy in a matter of seconds, laughing as he was engulfed in a hug.

"You're the best! You're the best!" Jamie chanted as he squeezed the older boy tightly before letting him go in embarrassment. He beamed at him, barely able to contain his excitement.

"Heh. As much as I like hearing how awesome I am, I don't think dear old Bunny would like the idea of his number one fan switching sides. But you're always welcome to."

Jamie nodded, still somewhat dazed at the idea. "Thank you though." He said softly, his eyes locking onto Jack's. There was a certain level of sincerity in those words that made Jack paused briefly. He shook his head and took a step back from the boy.

"No problem, Jamie." The teenager murmured as he poked the kid's cheek lazily. "See you around, okay?" He didn't look back as he turned around and walked a few steps away from Jamie. There was a loud shout before Jack took off, a blissful smile as he allowed the

wind to take him.

"Okay!"

* * *

><p>He grumbled as he rolled over to his sides. Green eyes blinked back sleep as he muffled a yawn that escaped his mouth. He smacked his lips and slung his arm to the side, wincing at the sharp tingle that shot from inside. Hiccup groaned softly as he brought his other hand up, scratching his hair gently as he scrunched his face, and sneezed.<p>

"Agh! Disgusting..." The boy shot up, sniffing slightly. His hand smacked the nightstand in search of his box of tissues, too lazy to actually look to where the box was located. With days like these, he was glad that Jack was out again.

It had been a month that he had met Jack. Despite Hiccup's protests, Jack had claimed Hiccup's room as somewhat of a home and continued to stay there. Occasionally, the teenager would disappear at odd hours during the night and return a few days later, but Hiccup never questioned it all. He noted that for someone who talked a lot, Jack rarely talked about himself or what he did. It was mostly about Hiccup or the past Hiccup. Although most of the time it was just idle chit chat in which Hiccup didn't mind having. If he had to admit it to himself, it was nice to talk to someone different. Someone that wasn't a resident of Berk.

To begin with, Berk was an island of very little people and even less talkers. Sure there were people who loved to talk, but the conversations usually drifted to topics that Hiccup couldn't participate in. Talking to Jack on the other hand was almost refreshing. He talked about the places he'd been and the things he saw. Sometimes Hiccup's curiosity got the best of him and he would ask the boy to tell him about said places until he fell asleep. Overall, the conversations were nice and Hiccup was beginning to get use to the idea of a roommate.

He groaned as his face hit the pillow once more. The clock on the nightstand read 8:24, a time that was too early for Hiccup to be awake. It wasn't a school day and he had spent the last two days recovering from a cold. He swallowed the lump in his throat, making a face at the faint tinge of soreness from within.

A muffled bark was heard as the door was pushed open. Toothless scrambled in, a water bottle held firmly in his mouth as he walked over to Hiccup's bed. He jumped up and dropped the bottle on Hiccup's lap before sitting down next to his side.

"Thanks buddy. Never took you for a dog that read minds."

He smiled, running his hand through Toothless' thick hair.

"Where do you think he's at?"

Toothless shot him a look before grunting, his head butting against Hiccup's arm gently.

"Alright, alright. Water first." The boy grumbled before unscrewing

his bottle. He took a long sip, groaning softly before drinking the rest.

He closed his eyes, feeling the cool sensation of the water roll down his throat. Pulling the bottle away, he paused, and turned his gaze to the window across from him. The drapes were drawn out so that he could see the gray blur coming from the outside. Placing the bottle on the nightstand, Hiccup got out of bed and walked towards the window. No one was out on the streets saved for a few cars driving slowly. He couldn't make out much except for the few blurry lights and the beams from the cars. He sighed and turned his back towards the window and leaned against the wall.

Toothless eyed him warily from the bed.

He blinked before narrowing his eyes at his dog. "What? I'm just leaning against the wall? Can't a person lean against the wall in their own room? It's perfectly normal and the wall is comfortable too." He made a point by thumping his back against the wall, wincing slightly at the hard impact. "Ow. Okay. Nevermind."

The dog barked and rolled his tongue out. The tail waved high in the air, as if mocking Hiccup's statement.

"I'm not worried."

Toothless grunted, pawing at the sheets beneath him.

"So he's been gone for four days. No big deal. It's not like I want him here anyways."

Toothless watched him before rolling over to his sides, paws up in the air. A soft snort was heard before the dog dived into the pile of blankets on the bed, his tag wagging back and forth.

"I'm not worried!" He stomped his foot down, hands clenched tightly as he glared at the dog.

"Worried about what?"

A shout escaped his lips as he jumped and bumped against the wall. Panting softly, he backed against the wall, and slumped down onto the floor. Hiccup lifted his gaze up, meeting a pair of curious blue eyes.

"Don't scare me like that!" The boy shrieked, slapping a hand on his chest to calm his heart. Shoulders drooping, he rolled his head back to meet the wall gently, and watched Jack warily.

Jack snickered as Hiccup shot him an annoyed look. Smirking softly, he shrugged his shoulders and spread his arms wide. "Sorry." He grinned, tilting his head back to the side as he watched Hiccup huff in annoyance. "You just looked so lonely standing by the window that for a moment you looked like you wanted company."

Toothless barked at this and stuck his head out from under the blankets.

Ignoring his dog's displeasure, Hiccup rolled his eyes.

"So why were you gone? Or is it something I'm not supposed to know?" He asked as he made himself comfortable on the floor.

"Eh, this and that. I got some stuff for you while I was away." Jack smiled, liking the curious look Hiccup shot him as he pulled his bag over and pushed it in front of the boy.

"What is it?" He pulled the bag closer to him and examined the ribbon before unraveling it at Jack's encouragement.

One by one, Jack watched Hiccup pull the items out, the boy's expression ranging from wonder to confusion. The items were laid on the floor in one neat row. There was the small Eiffel Tower souvenir he had got from the boy, the school uniform and candy from the girl, and the books from Jamie. He watched as Hiccup picked up the Eiffel Tower and inspected it before he picked up the uniform.

"I'm not even going to ask about this." He placed it aside in favor of a book, choosing the one on top. "I haven't even read any of these, much less heard of them." The pile of books mostly consisted of comic books, but it was all the same to Hiccup. Books were rare in Berk, comic books even more so considering most of the text in Berk was the usual history books or books written by the locals. Not many books were shipped to Berk and if they were, the prices were high. He owned very few books and most of them were from birthdays and Christmas, or Snoggletoff as the residents of Berk would normally say.

He picked up a random book, flipping through the pages carefully as he caught glimpses of random words throughout each page. Flipping the cover back, he placed it on the floor.

"Thanks...This is really thoughtful of you. I appreciate it a lot."

Jack smiled as he plopped down next to Hiccup and leaned his staff against the wall.

"Consider it a gift. Christmas was a month ago and I didn't get you anything because I wasn't there." He shrugged and looked to Hiccup. "You like them, right?"

"Yes. Everything...But the uniform that is. It's kind of weird." He paused before picking up the skirt. "I mean, you don't expect me to wear this, do you?" He dropped it on his lap and eyed Jack suspiciously.

"I don't know. Do you want to wear it? I'm not forcing you to. Although I do say you would look extremely nice in one." Jack joked and nudged the boy on the arm. "I could do your hair in pigtails and you'd be set."

He snorted and rolled his eyes. "Right."

"Hey. You don't know if you don't try."

"Maybe when I'm drunk enough, Jack."

"I'll take you to that."

They looked at each other and laughed. Jack grinned at Hiccup, bumping shoulders with him as he watched the boy laugh. He felt his chest aching as Hiccup returned his smile and laugh.

The moment was short lived for Jack as he heard the phone rang. He stayed silent as Hiccup glanced at him before shrugging his shoulders. "Must be for my dad. Excuse me." He said as he stood up and walked out of the room. Despite his dad being in charge of the village, Hiccup lived in a fairly modest house. The house was two stories just like any other house in Berk and was just a bit larger than the average home on the island. Still, it wasn't anything to brag about considering the lack of creativity on the villager's part. All the houses on Berk practically looked the same. It was usually up for the owners to remodel or decorate the house.

They only had one phone in the house and it was located in the kitchen. The kitchen was next to the living room and was the smallest room in the house. The size of the kitchen didn't quite matter considering Stoic wasn't much of a cook and would usually go into the kitchen if he needed anything. Most of the cooking was usually done by Hiccup or sometimes Gobbler who occasionally made a visit.

Most of the phone calls during the day were for his dad, but the man was usually out, so it was Hiccup's responsibility to relay them onto his dad when he got home. He let it ring one more time before he picked it up, cradling it between his shoulder and ear as he opened the fridge. Other than his laptop, the wireless phone was one of the most high tech items they owned in the house.

"Hello?"

"Hey Hiccup."

"Oh, Astrid! Hi!" He shifted the phone carefully before grabbing an orange from the table. "I didn't know you had my number. This is a surprise. Not that it's an unpleasant one, but you know what I mean."

"You do know that practically everyone in town has your number, right? It's not exactly a secret or anything, but anyways! I was calling to ask you if you're still up for next week? Friday?"

"Friday, right! Yeah, Friday. I'm free that day. Of course. I wouldn't miss it for the world." He laughed nervously, digging his nails into the orange and peeling off the skin.

"Well, at least pretend to be excited about it. The twins managed to get the boat for the night. Come on, it'll be fun."

"Oh, I know it will be." Hiccup muttered to the receiver as he grabbed the wedge from within the peel and squeezed it, yelping as it sprayed his eyes. "Ow! Gotta go. Got juice in my eye!"

Jack withdrew from his corner as he heard Hiccup slammed the phone down and cursed as he fumbled for a napkin on the counter. He walked back into the room and ignored the curious look Toothless shot him.

He grabbed his staff from the wall and stood it on the floor, leaning

against it as he closed his eyes. Of course, Hiccup had his own life. It was foolish of him to even think that the boy needed him, much less welcomed him to his life. For a second Jack had believed that he was a part of Hiccup's life. He pursed his lips and glared at the floor.

The old Hiccup did for sure. It had been a different situation back then. He knew that eventually Hiccup would grow older and wouldn't have time for him. It was already hard for Jack to compete for his attention when Hiccup already had his own set of friends and life.

Jack was immortal, but Hiccup wasn't.

He had learned that the hard way.

He steadied his breath and felt his chest constricting. His mind was a jumble and his head ached from the thoughts that raced back and forth, all reaching to the same conclusion. Jack opened his eyes before closing them shut again. He grabbed the front of his sweater, over the area where his heart was, and squeezed.

"Are you okay?"

Jack exhaled and froze, blinking back his tears as his gaze swiveled onto Hiccup's blurry form by the doorway. Nodding, he rubbed his eyes.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Just thinking."

Hiccup didn't look convinced as he walked over and reached his hand out. He blinked in surprise as Jack took a step back.

"Yeah, I'm fine." Jack muttered as he looked away, the thought of Hiccup and his life still lingering in his mind.

Hiccup frowned and watched the older teen avoid his gaze. "You don't sound fine. Did I do something wrong?"

Jack snorted, shoving both hands in his pockets as he brought his gaze to Hiccup's confused expression. Watching the boy remain silent, he looked away. "Why do you care anyways? You've been wanting me gone for a week. It hurts when you pretend you care." It was barely a whisper but the look on Hiccup's face told Jack that he had heard it. He sighed and shook his head, eyes softening at Hiccup's hurt expression.

Grasping his staff in one hand, Jack turned his back to Hiccup.

"Nevermind. Just forget what I said." Jack closed his eyes and heard a faint movement from behind him. "I'm sorry." He whispered.

* * *

><p>The wind nipped and blew at his face, forcing his eyes shut as he gripped his staff, and spread his arms wide. He exhaled and allowed the cold air to breeze past him, shoving him into the direction he had chosen. Jack opened his eyes and braced himself for the fall.<p>

It had been around one at night when Jack had arrived at the town of Burgess. He had prefer the late to the early mornings and afternoons because there was just simply no one about during the night. Night was the best time to be alone and think.

His feet gently graced the cold pavement as he landed slowly; clutching his staff securely, Jack surveyed his surroundings. Just as expected, there were very few people on the street. Most of them were rushing back home from work, some of them were even drunk on their feet. The road was quiet from where he was. A row of cars were parked to the side in front of their respective buildings. The townhouses were placed next to each other, leaving little to no spaces between them.

There was not a single person on the street at the moment and that was perfect for him. He knew that Jamie's house was just fifteen minutes down, but it hadn't been his plan to visit the boy. Jack was just about to turn the corner when something had caught his eye. It was a man locking his door from across the street. The hair was covered by a gray gatsby hat, but it was the face that had caught Jack's attention. He recognized that face anywhere, considering he had spent just a few months ago fighting the person of said face.

He turned around to face the man from across the street. Jack narrowed his eyes and with bated breath, confirmed the suspicions settling within his mind.

"Pitch."

* * *

><p>Wow. Is that the beginning of a plot I see? I'm not really fond of this chapter, but I hope you guys enjoy it nonetheless. I'm hoping to get the next chapter by a week or two, so please support me!<p>

So what do you think of this chapter? Likes? Dislikes? Update?

End
file.